New York Tribune.

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements.

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To-day and To-morrow.

In the presence of their dead Americans can not and will not misunderstand the issue and the gravity of the present hour. Officers of the German government, acting under orders, following a deliberate and reasoned policy, have murdered 137 American citizens. Women and children are among the victims of an atrocity unsurpassed in the history of civilized nations.

Two questions present themselves to the United States, to the government and to the people. For the murders that have been committed there must be every reparation that human agencies can make in the face of an irreparable injury.

Every shred of international law, practice, tradition, demands that the German government should disavow the act, punish the murderers, make such apology as can be made for what passes palliation. Questions of pecuniary damage, direct and indirect, should wait until the larger issue is settled.

There remains an even more patent duty, a more compelling obligation. There should come from the Imperial German Government a guarantee that there shall be no repetition of the present tragedy, no second massacre of American citizens, of American women and children travelling the high seas. The practice of murder and the policy of assassination must be renounced.

Failing these things, no American should misunderstand the meaning of the present crisis; no American should shrink from the facts that cannot be evaded or avoided. If Germany has once and for all embarked upon a deliberate campaign of murder directed against American citizens, there can be but one consequence—the end is inescapable.

We have endured the sinking of the Frye. The killing of an American citizen on the Falaba roused only reasonable protest. The wanton sacrifice of three American lives on the Gulflight was but a third in the steadily mounting series of outrages. In all of these instances the wrong was unmistakable, the aggression patent and indefensible.

The crime of the Lusitania was greater only in extent than those which had preceded. It was massacre instead of mere assassination. It was a mere extension of German activity, a mere expansion of German purposes. The assassin who had acted in the dark and on the lonely sea, only now grown bold, came out into the daylight to kill by the score where he had before slain one by one.

But every American knows, every German should know, that the sinking of the Lusitania is the last crime American patience will permit to pass, even if partially atoned for by such official apologies and amends as one government can make to another.

There is no real danger that Americans will lose their heads. There is not the remotest prospect that anger or passion will drive the people to act in advance of proper diplomatic procedure. Not even now is there the remotest chance that we shall permit our fury to dominate our reason.

But there is plain danger that in Berlin and in Washington the real decision of the American people will be mistaken. If that should happen, if the German government should misunderstand American calmness and mistake American self-control; if thus mistaking Americans they should venture upon one more butchery—then the word that no one speaks, that lies first on the tongue of all Americans would be heard from one end of the nation to the other.

We shall not make war now to avenge those who have been murdered, however white hot our anger in the presence of our dead. But we shall not continue to avoid war, if the question becomes one not of avenging those who are dead but of defending those who still live.

Not a Flawless Bill.

In another column The Tribune prints to-day a letter from Mr. Samuel McCune Lindsay advocating the bill creating a State Industrial Commission which is now awaiting Governor Whitman's action. With much that is said there this newspaper is in agreement. It is not in agreement with Mr. Lindsay's advocacy of this particular bill or of any legislation of this character while the whole question of departmental reorganization is under consideration in the Constitutional Convention.

Senator Spring's bill, however worthy its purpose, is by no means a flawless piece of workmanship. The Industrial Council, made up of representatives of employers and employes to act as an advisory body to the Industrial Commission, is frankly an experiment—and one which promises wrangling, delay and deadlocks in settling matters of policy rather than any unanimity of sentiment and advice of genuine worth to the community.

Delay of a much more dangerous character would be possible owing to the liberality of the provisions for appeal from the commission's orders. Request for a hearing on the reasonableness of any order would act practically as a stay of that order, for subsequent proceedings could be carried through to the Court of Appeals, and the bill specifically prohibits any prosecution or action for violation while such proceedings are pending. Therefore, any manufacturer maintaining conditions deemed dangerous to his employes would have only to appeal from the order of the commission if he considered the proposed improvements too expensive, and disregard it wholly while the case dragged its weary way through the courts.

It is impossible to deny any citizen his day in court, and there should be no disposition to make the Industrial Commission an autocratic body, ungovernable and unchallengeable. At the same time, the law which creates that body should not practically put a premium on litigation challenging its edicts. That merely tends to hamper it and render it abortive. The unfortunate experience with the Public Service commissions law, where every effort was made to limit the possibility of court review of orders, should serve as a warning against over-liberality of review provisions.

Under the circumstances The Tribune believes the Governor might much better veto this bill than sign it.

The High Cost of Authoring.

One of those statistical persons who get comfort out of the piling up of figures and the dissection of decimal fractions has estimated that there are not less than one hundred thousand men and women in the United States who practise authorship as a regular means of livelihood—earning their bread and jam, as it were, by their brains and typewriters. We do not know that this is so; the number of writing folk may be five or ten times as large, or only half as large. It is immaterial, except as it affects the money market now and in future; but there can be no question that the multitude, large yesterday, is larger to-day, and will be still larger to-morrow. Yet, in apparent defiance of the law of supply and demand, prices paid for MSS. continue to rise, if reports be true which float around where editors and publishers gather.

Ten or twelve years ago the sum of $150 was deemed fairly good payment for an average short story by an author not really famous. The author who was favorably known to the reading public could obtain $200 or $250 without much difficulty; and of course the true literary celebrity could obtain almost anything in reason. To-day the situation is changed: a fairly good short story, if marketed intelligently, is worth $200 or $250, it is said; the well known but not celebrated author finds little trouble in selling a 5,000-word tale for $350, $400, even $500, according to current reports; while the elect of the fiction-producing fraternity are said to command their own payments. Indeed, one author is cited who refuses to part with magazine rights of a short story for less than $1,000; and a certain periodical is said to have paid another man as high as $2,500 for a single one of a series which became very popular, and deservedly so.

The average man, if of sympathetic nature, is glad to see that at last the author is recognized as being worth a little more than the proverbial bread and salt upon which formerly he was supposed to exist while creating a masterpiece. Yet, to those who look beyond the immediate foreground, other considerations occur. How about the unfortunate editor, who is supposed to buy literary material with as much business acumen as the buyer for a contracting firm displays when he purchases lumber, cement and steel girders? Consider, also, the publisher whose money pays for the manuscripts; consider the keen competition between publishers to obtain those of the most popular brands, bearing the trademarks of names well known. Many an erstwhile haughty editor must feel a sharp pang when he tries to scramble on board a humble, overcrowded surface car of a cold, rainy evening and sees skimming past a powerful limousine in the depths of which indolently lounges the well-fed, cheerful person whose proof he had read just before leaving the office. Yet it may not be editors and publishers who are the worst victims of the high cost of authoring.

Mr. Howells is reported as having said, a day or two ago, that, instead of being an incentive to the best literary work, hard, grinding poverty is exactly the opposite. It is too bad that he should have stopped there, instead of going on to speak of the disadvantages a young author labors under when his income is suddenly raised from nothing at all to fifteen or twenty thousand per annum, or more. It would not be difficult to call to mind the names of a dozen young men and young women who showed real promise a decade ago, whose short stories and novels were read with a glow of satisfaction by those able to recognize the vein of precious value in a sample of literary quartz, but whose work of last year, and the year before, belonged on the bargain counter. Too many of these young writers succumbed to the temptation of high prices offered by publishers who sell magazines and books as other men sell bricks—by the carload. The literary bricks, under pressure of sensational advertising, sold more heavily than ever; the demand grew so largely that they were turned out in trainload lots, so to speak. To certain of the writing folk two books within a twelvemonth was not an impossible task, and one young man boasts that he succeeded in dictating and selling four serial stories in a year.

Of course such literary get-rich-quick structures fell to pieces. This was inevitable. It has happened over and over again; probably it will continue to happen indefinitely—unless coming generations are wiser than those of the past.

Viewing the matter dispassionately, one is inclined to believe that the High Cost of Authoring is not unlikely to cost such an author more than anybody else.

Novelists' License.

The way of poets with the young moon is notorious. They keep the lovely, slender silver crescent up till all hours of the night to glimpse sympathetically down upon young lovers. It is romantic, but it is not in accordance with the régime of wise Mother Nature, who knows that young things should be in bed early in order to grow. So she allows the infant moon to take just one little peep at the earth about the time young lovers begin to think of dinner—for even young lovers dine—and then packs it off to sleep, so that it may grow into a hardened, cynical full moon to which young love is an old story, as old as the ghastly sight of battlefields.

This time, however, it is a novelist, Elizabeth Jordan, who is called to account for thus ill-treating the infant moon in her novel, "May Iverson's Career." Still, since poetic license is not only an explanation but a recognized excuse, why should not Miss Jordan plead novelists' license? She has, indeed, plenty of precedent in other matters than that of the child labor of the orb of night. There is, for instance, Mr. Squeers, who set one of his victims at Dotheboy's Hall to weed the garden, although the pump was frozen. The feats which our novelists of adventure ascribe to fiery steeds are no less regardless of the limitations of nature, nor should we forget in this connection the French author's hero who walked nervously up and down reading a letter with his hands clasped behind him. And there is that compatriot of his who translated one of Cooper's tales many years ago. Cooper said that his hero tied his horse to a locust; the translator explained in a footnote that in America locusts grew to such great size that they were often stuffed and set up at the doors of our country dwellings. He, however, was only true to the worst traditions of his trade.

The seamanship of some of our novelists is no less weird than is their knowledge of the ways of Mother Nature; so is their conception of the duelling code. And, since we are about it, mention may perhaps be made here of the novelist turned dramatist who began a new scene in his first play with the stage direction, "Enter William, who has just drunk a cup of tea."

As for the young moon, it will continue to go to bed as per its immemorial schedule, but it will also continue to be forced to work at night for novelists and poets. It really does not matter, for young lovers will never miss it; and romantic readers like to have it present even when it "ain't."

A month ago there was a panic in England at the prospect of total prohibition. A little later the panic had subsided, but there were grave apprehensions that the sale of spirits would be stopped. This gave way before the realization of Mr. Lloyd George's scheme for increased duties on spirits, wines and beers. Now the duties on wines and beers are withdrawn, the government has come to the conclusion that most mischief is done by spirits and all efforts in future will be directed to the suppression of "raw, cheap spirits of a fiery quality." So the great temperance reform comes to this, that in future Englishmen *must* drink good whiskey.

The "New Yorker Herold" reports that the American ammunition sold to the Allies is exceedingly poor in quality. If that is so, why should Germany and Germany's sympathizers here worry?

WHEN HER SONS ARE SLAIN.

To falter now!
Our children's children still would smart with shame!
The name
Our fathers fought for, and their fathers, too;
Thy fame—
Our country—blackened! How the whole world through
Would run the fire of scorn!
"Cowards!" Born
To humbly bow the knee to foreign lords
And file vain protests, whils't the cords
Of years of servitude to whoso hath the hate
To slay her sons
Are tightened!"
Pray! who shall fear her vengeance, if she runs
Affrightened;
Or rests content, with reasoning sedate,
To seek apology
For murdered sons, who sleep beneath the sea!

N. A. S.

Flags at Half-Mast.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Every man who owns a flag should instantly display it at his flagstaff at half-mast, or on his front porch or from his front window.

This shocking catastrophe, the sinking of the Lusitania, is an occurrence which "makes the whole world kin."

CHARLES ROOME FARMELE.

New York, May 8, 1915.

"AT LEAST THEY ONLY *DROWN* YOUR WOMEN."

FREE SPEECH AT HARVARD

A Discussion of Germans and the Cambridge Incident.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: That some German sympathizers reach their conclusions by curiously muddled processes is no new discovery. A case in point is the letter of Mr. Thompson in your issue of May 6, "Harvard's Neutrality."

Mr. Thompson's indictment of Harvard is briefly this: Harvard doesn't practise free speech. Now, probably the best proof of Harvard's fanatical devotion to free speech is the retention of one Hugo Münsterberg in the department of philosophy this in spite of his public absurdities and because Harvard doesn't wish even to seem to oust a man because of his unpopular opinions. In that same department of philosophy William James and Josiah Royce, prophets respectively of pragmatism and idealism ("The Philosophy of Loyalty") rubbed elbows and taught opposites in complete disagreement upon most points, but in perfect harmony on one freedom of teaching. Teachers of literature at Harvard attacked during Dr. Eliot's long service as president all the president's most cherished policies, and they did this over their own signatures in the public prints with perfect impunity, for Harvard believes in free speech.

Mr. Thompson's onslaught upon Harvard is based upon the fact that while President Lowell grants free speech to his students and professors he doesn't grant free speech to a certain itinerant professor, Dr. Kuno Meyer, for many years attached to the University of Liverpool, but now actively sharing Dr. Dernburg's labors in instructing the United States how to run its own business. This attack upon a great American university would be a grave matter if justified, for this particular university has for its motto "Veritas"—a word extremely hard to translate into German-American. The facts, however, are these: Free speech is a tradition at Harvard as well as an active fact, but free speech does not imply opening the university pulpit to every irresponsible propagandist who is touring the tank towns. When Mrs. Pankhurst visited Harvard it was made clear to her and to the many supporters of suffrage at Harvard that, while Mrs. Pankhurst was free to address any number of Harvard students in any hall in Cambridge or Boston and the students were free to attend or not as they saw fit, the university would not indorse her militant policies by opening one of the college buildings for her meetings. It is in the same spirit, I take it, that President Lowell declines to O. K. the genial Professor Meyer, of Berlin, and his violent word war against the country where he resided for something over twenty years, and leaves him free to wreak his vengeance upon Germany's enemies through the public press, on the lecture platform and at all shindigs of the Clan-na-Gael. Free speech is exactly what Professor Meyer will find throughout the United States. Is not his grievance against Harvard simply that that university insists upon his hiring his own hall?

For a long time I have suspected that Ambassador Bernstorff, Dr. Dernburg and Professor Meyer were secretly in the pay of the British government and subsidized by the crafty, underhanded Sir Edward Grey to provoke dislike and suspicion of Germany through their tactless, blundering and violent assaults upon American common sense. Now I am sure of it. W. B. B.

New York, May 6, 1915.

Religion of an African Tribe.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In an interview published in your paper to-day Lady Mackenzie speaks of an African tribe, the "Masi," as being altogether without religion.

I assume the tribe of the "Masai" is meant. This tribe inhabits the territory longitude 34-38, latitude N. 3-7, in German and British East Africa.

Merker, who was "Hauptmann und Kompagniechef in der Kaiser. Schutztruppe" in German East Africa, spent many years among the Masai and published a monograph (Berlin, 1904) upon them, entitled "Die Masai: Ethnographische Monographie eines Ostafrikanischen Semitenvolkes." In this he speaks of their religion as "der einfache schlichte monotheismus"—i. e., "Simple, plain monotheism" (p. 196).

Bishop Le Roy, who visited the Masai in 1890, confirms this. "Their God," he says, "is named 'Ngai,' and is an incorporeal being, a spirit. According to the law given by Him to the Masai it is a sin to make pictures or images of Him. God is the creator of the world and all that is in it. He rules all through His will. God is almighty, omnipresent, all-knowing, infinite, eternal."

Merker points out the remarkable parallelism between the religious and moral ideas of the Masai and those of the Israelites and the Babylonians. They have traditions of the Creation, of Paradise, of the Fall, the Deluge, etc. The practice of circumcision, which is universal among them, they refer to a divine command. Moreover, they have a tradition of ten commandments.

If Lady Mackenzie's "Masi" are, as I have supposed, "Masai," I fear that she has not added much to the sum of knowledge so far as their non-religious state is concerned. Of course, if she did not mean the "Masai" the above criticism fails.

But if there be a tribe of Masi I will hazard the guess that they, too, have a religion of some kind. I think I am correct in saying that up to the present time no race of men is known on this earth which is devoid of the religious idea. Sir John Lubbock's contentions on this point have been entirely upset by later evidence.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., May 6, 1915.

The Supremacy of the Right.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As boys we were taught the supremacy of the right. It pays to do right. Only righteousness succeeds.

Wrong is wrong, a damage done;
And however much is won
The end is loss and shame.

These are the teachings that I have naturally grown into from my youth. Who will say that my teaching was wrong? If my teaching was correct, if only righteousness has a permanent success, how can German and Austrian war lords expect to succeed?

In your valuable paper of yesterday I read of Austrian atrocities. I was shocked. German atrocities have aroused the English-speaking world. They cast aside divine and human laws and expect success. They rob and expect Him who said: "Thou shalt not steal" to help them, to be on their side, to give them success. They murder on land and sea and expect Him who said: "Thou shalt not kill" to help them, to be on their side, to give them success.

They are deluded. The Divine cannot go against His commands. The Divine cannot be the helper of robbers and murderers. The Divine must be against them, and they must fail. As a Bible student, I assert that all the teachings of that sacred book declare that the Divine is only found on the side of righteousness. The transgressors of His laws must fail, as Saul failed and Absalom failed.

Though their armies may be strong,
Yet their principles are wrong:
They must fail, they must fail.

A BIBLE STUDENT.

New York, May 5, 1915.

Students in Paris.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In reply to the query of "Student" as to the number of students in Paris you have in your haste made a slight error which I should like to correct. Your answer was: "College of France, Paris, 2,000." Now, in 1912 the number of matriculated students of the University of Paris in the four faculties of law, medicine, science and letters was 16,576. This figure does not include the students of the College of France, nor of any of the many other institutions of higher learning maintained by the French government in Paris, but which are administratively independent of the University of Paris, such as the School of Mines, School of Bridges and Roads, Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes (history, philology, mathematical and physico-chemical sciences, sciences of nature and religion), Ecole Normale Superieure (preparing teachers for secondary instruction), School of Oriental Living Languages, Ecole Polytechnique (engineering), Ecole Coloniale, Ecole des Beaux Arts, etc., etc.

HERMAN DEFREM.

New York, May 4, 1915.

AN INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION

Proposed Department Reorganization Needed for Handling of Labor Laws.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Permit me a few words in answer to opponents of Senator Spring's Industrial Commission bill now pending before the Governor.

We do not exaggerate its promise when we say that it fairly represents the latest if not the last word in the theory, practice and tendencies of the leading industrial states of America and would make possible for the first time in America the realization of the advantages of a permanent, highly trained and expert staff of administrators of labor laws with adequate powers and fixed responsibility, such as the leading European countries have enjoyed for nearly a generation. The opportunity to affix the seal of executive approval to such a measure might well be the occasion for congratulation rather than for argument or persuasion, if it were not that so powerful a machine as the proposed industrial commission of necessity involves grave dangers. I think the opposition to this measure would be negligible if it were not for the fears that we are not equal to these things, that the Governor of the state may not be able to find big enough men, brainy, warmhearted and experienced employers and employes, administrators and others who will give themselves to single-eyed service to the state, to man the five commissionerships, the seven other important posts in its executive service and the ten advisory councillors; and that the civil service law will not be strong enough to guarantee that all the other necessary force shall be put to work free from political interference of every kind and responsible only for the highest technical efficiency of their labors.

The vision of a great department of government made absolutely non-political and dealing efficiently with the most vital human interests that affect the largest number of citizens in the state looks too good to be real. Nothing less than that, however, will result if the proposed commission plan, as decreed in this bill, works, and if it doesn't work the disaster will be equally surprising. Can the state secure the brains, the experience and the technical skill and find the commissioners equal to these great responsibilities? On the answer to that question more than to any other should the wisdom of approving or disapproving this bill depend.

New York State inevitably exerts a great influence on other states in all her legislation. In this matter of an industrial commission she is not the pioneer, but merely following in line with a well marked tendency already advanced beyond the experimental stage elsewhere and having the full sanction of scientific and expert opinion; but with a commission such as might conceivably be drawn from her citizens, noted for their ability to deal in a broadminded and cosmopolitan way with the really big business of the world, she can easily take her rightful place at the head of the column and render a great service not only to her own industrial workers, but also to thousands outside her borders.

SAMUEL M'CUNE LINDSAY.

New York, May 6, 1915.

Deutschland Ueber Alles.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Have any of your readers noticed yet that the "Deutschland Ueber Alles" of the Kultur is only a mere plagiarism of the remote and ambitious Latin motto of the Austrian House?

The motto is: "Austriae Est Imperare Orbi Universo." You will notice that each word begins with a vowel, and that together they contain sixteen vowels, against fifteen consonants, which is remarkable. The motto's abbreviation is A. E. I. O. U, the five vowels of the alphabet in order. It had been translated in German words beginning also with vowels: "Alles Erdreich Ist Osterreich Unterthan," but then the majority of consonants among the words, when compared with the Latin, can be interpreted as a sign of weakness, if not decadency.

Notice also how many consonants there are in "Deutschland Ueber Alles." There are thirteen, the hoodoo number par excellence.

HENRI DE LAFITOLE.

New York, May 6, 1915.

SCHOLARS AS PATRIOTS

Their Intemperance Denounced as a Disgraceful Spectacle.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: President Butler of Columbia University in his annual report calls attention to the shocking spectacle offered by some of the most noted scholars and scientists of the world, who, with the advent of the European war, seem to have lost all sense of what is true, honorable and becoming. It is indeed a disgraceful exhibition, and it makes us wonder what culture means. That such men who are living in either one of the countries involved may have their perception obscured by lack of perspective and by the heat of passion can be understood and, perhaps, condoned, but the same semblance of excuse cannot be made for the same class of men identified with American universities. Yet, from a certain venerable ex-president of a famous university down to the hitherto obscure professor each has grasped some more or less authentic fact that agrees with his likes or dislikes, and weaves around the same a fabric of argument and assertion. Very often this convinces the average reader or listener, because the writer or the speaker is one whose position entitles him to consideration.

I have come to the conclusion that most men, once they reach a comparatively prominent position, lose all sense of humor. They are usually taken seriously by the people, and that leads them to consider themselves almost infallible. This results in their enouncing their personal views in such a dogmatic and sober manner that the critical reader or listener feels almost like smiling at their imposing comments. Columbia University in the last few years has become especially prominent as a leader in the exchange of international thought, and it is therefore unfortunate that some of its teachers have failed to maintain the correct and impartial attitude which is necessary to inspire confidence in their discussions of the causes and effects of the present war. How little they sometimes apply their teachings to practice!

For instance, we have been taught by one of the most popular professors at Columbia that, given a certain initial temperature, the efficiency of a heat engine is in proportion to the decrease in the temperature of the exhaust. Now, what must be our conclusion when this same estimable gentleman while indulging in the very laudable process of defending the actions of his native country exhales remarks about the enemy at a temperature far in excess of his normal one? The result will be that future students may entertain serious doubts as to the truth of the theories he propounds. They may then question his statements, which nobody ever thought of doing before. Then, again, a Columbia professor goes to a deal of trouble to show that Germany has no literature. Here once more we shall have to change our views as developed from our course in that branch of learning. Surely the librarian should quickly proceed to discover to what nationality Goethe, Schiller, Heine and a few others belong.

Let it be considered for a moment that no opinions are worth consideration if they are not based on facts, not merely an isolated case, but a preponderance of them. Otherwise, such opinions cannot but hurt the reputation of the man who expresses them. For instance, President Butler in his address at the opening of the academic year referred to a statement made to him by a German railway servant that this is not a people's war, that it is a kings' war, and he calls this the most significant statement he heard in Europe. On the other hand, Dr. David Starr Jordan, in speaking before the College Association, said that "it is no use to try to find out who brought about the war. There is no man big enough; none has enough." Notwithstanding the fact that the Sage of Aurora is sure that "Bill Kaiser" lifted the lid off hell, I think we can safely agree with Dr. Jordan when he states that the war is the product of impersonal hatred fostered in Europe.

As well said by Dr. F. Boaz in an able article on "The Race-War Myth," conditions in Europe are intelligible only when we remember that by education patriotism is surrounded by a halo of sanctity and that national self-preservation is considered the first duty. "Devotion to the nation is taught as the paramount duty and is instilled into the minds of the young in such a form that with it grows a feeling of hostility against all other nations." In my opinion, and I speak from experience, that is the best analysis of the situation.

Born in Germany, I was brought to Paris when less than three years old, and lived the next fifteen years in that city. Of course, French became my vernacular, and that language was always spoken in my home. My older brother was born in France and my two sisters married Frenchmen. Had I not come to this country twenty-two years ago (for which accident I am duly thankful), I would probably have remained in France and, necessarily, would be serving in the French army now. Yet, many times indeed when we were brought into contact with people who had not known us for some time we were shown the feeling of hostility that Dr. Boaz mentions as soon as these people learned of our origin. In everything, language and associations, we were then French; still, the feeling of hostility could be felt. The Frenchman who had travelled in Germany, of course, did not entertain that same sentiment, and it is because the French travel so little in foreign countries that they have not learned to appreciate other people, and particularly the Germans. In spite of some experiences of that kind which have left sores, I love the French people and have a good many excellent friends of that nationality.

Dr. Jordan, in the same address previously referred to, said that in France "though revenge was passionately desired thirty years ago, that feeling had died away." Here is another evidence of that cocksureness with which so many men reach a conclusion. As I said before, I left France twenty-two years ago, and I know that "the feeling" had not died away then. Furthermore, I have been reading the "Courrier des Etats Unis" every Sunday since, and if that paper is an authority the feeling was kept alive and is very much in evidence now. It was so strong at the beginning of this war that the French government felt obliged against its own judgment to order the French commander to invade Alsace-Lorraine. The result was disastrous and for a time seriously jeopardized the safety of the French army.

What we need in these times are men who will advocate moderation and patience. While neutrality does not imply that we must choke our opinions, it means, nevertheless, that we should refrain from carelessly injuring the feelings of other citizens of this country who, though they may be "hyphenated" Americans, are often better citizens than some who may trace a more or less uncertain and devious ancestry to the Pilgrims or Sons of the Revolution. As Brother Hubbard says, "Anybody can make a statement, but to 'show cause' is another proposition—too stiff for stiffs."

J. R. WEMLINGER.

New York, May 8, 1915.